

 **caliber**

COMPOSITION BOOK

SCRIBBLING

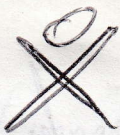
MADNESS: Book 3

Wide Ruled
100 Sheets

9.75 in x 7.5 in [24.8 cm x 19 cm]

Scribbling Madness
Book Three

2011 : Indian Summer / Autumn



I was able to give Mom short massage which she appreciated. She said, "Now I understand why I had children."

I want to transcribe an essay I typed onto "the Internet" recently, even as I now have 24/7 access to "add content." I want to physically transcribe in cursive and colored ink an essay... or "parts of essays."

I know the word **fascism** is abused in this Orwellian Nightmare we are living, but I see the way the uber rich industrialists (less than 1% of the population who are part machine - since they are attached to so many gadgets, security guards, airplanes, helicopters, armies of servants and slaves) manipulate 15% of the population known as the **UPPER MIDDLE CLASS** (social engineers, enforcers, managers, advertizers, doctors, etc.) against the 85% **lower middle class & poor** (slaves, soldiers, "workers", welfare recipients, so-called "criminals", etc.).

15.30.1142
This is how fascism works: The Corporate State government has an elite group of upper middle class (who fancy themselves "rich") who get privileges (above the law) and other goodies, giving them access to status which they hold over their subservient flunkies... -ient

Hence, about 1/5 of the population clings to their artificial power (authority, social status) in fear of falling into the Poor Zone where one is judged as TRASH (like 4/5 of the population).

This plays out all over the planet. There are self-outs, enforcers, those willing to suck the dick of the "Masters."

We have been thinking about these things here from the start. It becomes all too clear how people are manipulated: they have something to lose, they are intimidated by public opinion and want to be "prosperous," "successful," "winners" as opposed to "losers."

There is a small percentage of the population who are **THINKERS** (about **5%**). I know that there is a movement which branched off of the Nation of Islam who call themselves **Gods & EARTHS** (**Five Percenters**); but, in reality, this phenomenon plays out everywhere where there is a hierarchical system composed of people who follow orders from "superiors."

Maybe the philosopher from Nazareth, when he said, "Give to Caesar what is Caesar's," really meant, "Pay no attention to Caesar. Caesar doesn't know what the fuck he is doing."

The Caesars (Obama, Bushes, Clintons, Mullahs, Nixon, Political Bosses worldwide) are simply cheerleaders of the unseen uber rich who are his/her bosses. Caesar, the political boss/leader, is really just the highest paid slave of the land.

* This proposition will lock horns with the gorts.

EMOTIONS
IN MOTION



MAMA

Abraxas



isis

phpb3now.com



MISSION
Mi

Hungry HEADS
&
HEAVY HEARTS



22 August 2011 Monday

Rise from the unconscious into the ever-changing present. It. Where do I go for a little sanctuary, some privacy? I simply walk to the edge, up to the fence, under the pine trees. I greet the morning, stealing away a few moments before my mother begins to call for me...

Everything I do (in lived experience) has significance. I steal just enough time to smoke and contemplate on my Presence of Being. Now, I "step up to the plate," and make my mother breakfast before heading to Freehold to do her (Our) grocery shopping.



I left at around 9AM and did not return until 3:30 PM! It took 2 hours just to get into Freehold. There was a detour off of route 9. I made a pit-stop on Marcy Street, and on the way out from Mechanic Street to South Street, I passed Nati. We greeted one another spontaneously. I yelled out the window that I was doing shopping for my mother. Nati smiled. Was she surprised to see me during the green beetle?



The Presence which makes wise-acc remarks
from deep within the privacy of my imagination
is what those who wish to manipulate,
manage, and control us would call
The Devil or even the disease or
symptoms of mental illness.

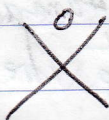
The least denigrating label is *The Devil*.

I prefer the direction Hermann Hesse
was moving in when he referred to
this hidden & grouchy beast within as
The Steppenwolf or simply *the wolf*.

Is it not precisely because of the Quality of my
permanence that I resent the digitized word?

Publishers and printing machine companies are impressed with colorful text, are they?

I'll give them **colorful mother fuckin' text!**



All I need is my cd-cassette-fm stereo boombox radio and some batteries, and I can listen to Democracy Now and Al Jazeera/English on WBAI. Even with Mom's total psychosis over controlling all the airwaves of her domicile, I simply bring the radio out of doors... Freedom, I jail I bird!

Just because I am taking care of my mother and do not have the opportunity to use the computer to access the Internet, I stubbornly demand to be able to listen to the news of the world, taking notes on this crucial time in the Saga of our species.

There are those who are planning to run a pipe-line from Canada to Texas with toxic sludge - our BODIES are our only currency.

25 August 2011

X

Thursday

Not a pleasant trip into Manhattan, but oh how sweet is the cool breeze in Lakewood/Brick - exit 89 - today! Mikey be slick, slim, and shady. Watch I out, I see you my fine lady.

Another most stressful trip into Manhattan where there was no 16 E - just 16 W! We should have followed Woodbridge exit, I think... I pulled off into a parking lot to "regroup."

I did not become enraged. I did not have a temper tantrum. I refused to let anything get me too upset, even my mother. We had to go to Plan B, which was the GPS. Out of the trunk and onto the dash board.

When we got back to Seizure Village, Mom bought me a 6-pack. She offered Heineken. Eh. I chose Molson Ice! BABY!! I listen to the Beastie Boys & NAS (Too Many Rappers). I experiment with tramadol pain relief. It is addictive? Not if I only take it once (or twice).

I let B know that I really appreciated hanging with him on Friday. It was like a "fare-well" ritual.

1105 August 25
Today I had to be MISSION MIC for my mother



26 Aug FRIDAY

DRUNK?



... Mission Mic dropped the ball when he wandered with boom box blasting loud in Seizure Village

27 August 2011 Saturday

Yesterday I drank beers in the morning at Mom's and "acted out," became defiant and loud, became PRIMAL ENERGY (the gods), became Dr. Frankenstein / Captain Howdy.

I guess I am banished from my mother's, I was becoming the Monster in her presence, wandering around Leisure Village, 3 sheets to the wind with boom box. I cracked the Liberty Bell? She's been trying to control me my entire life. Those elderly folks at Seizure Village were shocked by my boldness.

Ignatius Rilly? Henry Fool? Martin Dean?
 So I am I liked and embraced
 only when I am an obedient slave. The
 Beast who gets drunk is "the Devil".

Hurricane Irene on its way? I will
 be in the storm in Freehold with Chicanas,
 Chicanos. Mom will be alone in Lakewood/Brick.
 It is her decision. I wonder if Dad would
 be able to drive me to her. She is angry
 and upset at me for not being able to
 control me so she is in "withdraw
 love as punishment" mode.

I recognize these tactics and refuse to
 be manipulated through such punishment.

Now we have some real winds and
 heavy rains coming. The beaches have
 been evacuated. The governor was
 upset with the people on the Asbury
 Park beaches for staying on the beach.

It looks as though the Ghost Dancers are
 alive and kicking! Truth!

I wonder how the state will deal with
my NON-COMPLIANCE, my refusal to
submit to PROGRAM'S DOCTORS,
"mental health technicians."

I may be relaxed enough this evening to
finally return to Benjamin Lee Whorf's
Language, Thought, and Reality.

My diaries have helped me process lived
experience, and yet thought is deeper than
alphabetic language. When my body sits
outdoors, this is a language older than
words. When I hide indoors lost in
deep contemplation, I am a million miles away
from the squabbles and turf wars of these
streets. I am able to exist as a
pseudo-anthropologist, some kind of
"resident madman / philosopher."

My body longs water. I experience such
relief from drinking water that I know I
am blessed. How is it I have been
blessed with such a temperament that I
experience such BLISS in BASIC SURVIVAL?

MOVING RIGHT ALONG AFTER YET ANOTHER DISASTER



29 August 2011 Monday

At what point is "consciousness" simply an observer, a passenger virtually locked in a reality. "it" can not "manage" or "control?" I don't most of what we do "unconscious"?

As my body slept peacefully on blankets on the floor, "I" - consciousness - became aware of the excrement in my bowels preparing to MOVE. The air has turned cold... well, seasonally cold, that is. It is the first morning I have shut a few windows since around June.

Often it occurs to me that "the I that says, 'I think' is not the I that says 'I am'." The innermost kernel of this Creature-Being-in-Creation is "unpleasant, grouchy, deeply unhappy, agitated, in an irritable mood..."

Is this "evil"?

Is this "Nature"?

Is this "the inner being of the Cosmos?"

What is identity? What is temperament?
What is personality? Our environments create who we are.

MOVING RIGHT ALONG AFTER YET ANOTHER DISASTER

Am I not this angry stomach, this very feeling of nausea and dizziness that threatens to "have a tantrum" if it is not fed? Are we controlled by our needs?

So, what to do but cook Cream of Wheat No marijuana? That's not even the half of it. I'm quite used to that scenario.

The real thorn is the lack of tobacco. The true horror of existence is exposed when we contemplate upon the chains of biological necessity all creatures are caught in & this very moment.

Without any funds for intoxication, now is an opportunity to get back to some "studies." I am skimming through Whorf's Language, Thought, and Reality.

Everyday is like "camping" when one has no resource. I am on the brink of homelessness at all times. What will happen to all of us who depend upon subsidized rent?



I called my Mom. She saw the optometrist. He says she may have experienced an actual stroke while she was having the surgery done. Now, once again I am the "bad boy" who created a "scene" outside her house simply by drinking some beers outside, listening to the radio. All the little old busy-bodies snitching on me. ~~as if~~ #. Now my Mom says that Leisure Village itself could have reprimanded her for my "outrageous" behavior.

She says she needs someone to drive her to appointments and do her errands but that she can't trust me not to drink alcohol. Another fucking scandal, another opportunity to shine & turning into a disaster. Maybe next time I'll help my mother, I will only stay a couple days. I guess that there really is nowhere for me to be myself in a place such as Leisure Village. I had diarrhea while I was at Mom's. Now my bowel movements are solid. I am concerned about my mother's damaged eye sight.

24
Now, while I am feeling great sympathy for my mother's situation, I am not cut out to be a care-taker. I am too WILD, too unmanageable.

Now I am not sure where I stand. I want to be there for my mother, but she feels like I "take over her house." This is what it is.

If I owned my own vehicle, I could drive over there to help her. So, my mother is putting a bit of a guilt trip on me for "failing to be a good slave."

Mikey is not a good slave. Eventually, Mikey rebels. Mikey takes his shirt off. Mikey sings -
Mikey ROCKS THE BOAT.

What can I do for my mother?

We are experiencing earthquakes, hurricanes, and tropical storms in areas that don't usually get them. I can't do much about the unprecedented climate changes, but can't I be there for my mother? We shall see.

6 September 2011 Tuesday

I was arrested yesterday for kicking garbage cans over and throwing rocks into the street. I was taken to the hospital but I go to court on September 13th which is next Tuesday (1PM).

I am cooking meatballs & sauce today.

Mike Sweetman (the officer I wrestled with back in 2004 in front of the 6-12) grabbed my radio while he was arresting me. He slammed it on the ground. I suppose I'll be hit with another charge fine of \$500. I will plead to be able to pay only \$50 per month. I wonder how much my balance is for Asbury Park.

482
- 50
432

I'll be paying this for another 9 months!
 $9 + 9 = 18$. $18 - 12 = 6$
(June '2012).

I wonder if I should walk over to the police station to inquire about my boom box. Without the radio, all I have to distract myself, to "do my time" is to read my notes on existence.

Today my body is kind of sore from injuries sustained while plastered.

Am I disappointed in myself? My mother is holding a huge grudge against me over my little beer drinking episode last month. I really wish I could keep from having psychotic episodes while drunk, I wonder how much ^{more} I can endure (of myself).

I don't want to deceive myself any longer about the nature of my "emotionally disturbed personality." People say I have a great personality. I really wonder,

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, I wonder if I ought to read that book.

At least I don't have to be subjected to 12-Step Recovery which saps my political energy.

Σ 4 Σ

COMING TO TERMS WITH MY METAPHYSICAL EXILE

I have reasons to be depressed: ^{my} mother's health problems and the pain of her rejection of my desire to help her; ^{the} fact that my wrist still feels so damaged even two years since I broke it; ^{the} conclusive evidence that ^{my} father rejects me (does not seek to counsel me or guide me); ^{my} general sense of not being well received by a society of phonies who resent me for not caring into their values.

I want to make it clear to my mother that I am experiencing pain from her refusal to let me help her, that I am frustrated by my inability to help her defend her against these hardships she is enduring.

I suppose I am running out of reasons to justify this suffering I endure.



I was able to communicate with my mother this morning that I am so very frustrated with my inability to assist her due to lack of vehicle.

She told me that she does appreciate all I did to help her, that she is beginning to recover, and that we will spend some time together soon.

This little bit of communication helped me process my feelings and rise out of the deep despair I was feeling.

I explained to her that she is the only one in the family who goes out of her way to support me emotionally.

I also recall clearly the friendship shown to me by B the day before I left Freehold to help my mother. I will not hold a grudge against him for demanding I not show up at his apartment drunk with radio blaring. He cares enough to communicate this to me. I will respect both Mom & B's stances.

2011.09.10

My decision to withdraw from "treatment" is not unprecedented. May quotes Rilke (when he withdrew from psychotherapy after learning the goals to which it aspired):

"If my devils are to leave me, I am afraid my angels will take flight as well."

Likewise, if I am "medicated" on psychiatric drugs that "slow me down to 60% capacity," then, while I may not entertain disturbing truths (devils), I would also lose much of the delight (angels) I experience.

Note: The daimonic is any natural function which has the power to take over the whole person. Sex & eros, anger & rage, and the craving for power (control) are examples.

The daimonic can either be creating or destructive and is normally both. When this power goes awry and one element usurps control over the total personality, we have "daimon possession,"

Socrates was tried in court for "teaching false daimonia."

which is the traditional name through history for psychosis.

* DAIMONIC can be spelled "demonic" or "daemonic" (the medieval form).

The demonic is obviously not an entity but refers to a fundamental, archetypal function of human experience — an existential reality.

The demonic (or daimonic) is the urge in every being to AFFIRM ITSELF.

The Greek concept of "daimon" included the creativity of the poet and artist as well as the ethical/spiritual leader. Plato argued that a "divine madness" seizes the creative person.

There is a puzzling and never-solved problem of the intimate relationship between the genius and the madman. To Socrates, his daimon acted as a kind of guardian.

"teaching false daimonia"

Socrates was tried in court for

(I like this better
than "daimonic")

The demonic is not conscience, for conscience is largely a social product, related to cultural mores, and, in psychoanalytic terms, to the power of the "superego."

The demonic refers to the power of nature rather than the superego (of society), and is beyond good and evil.

It was entirely right to have thrown out the form of the concept of demonic possession which consisted of the belief that we are taken over by little demons flying around equipped with horns.

Yet, in the last century it has become clear that in discarding the false "demonology," we accepted, against our intention, a banality and a shallowness in our whole approach to mental disease.

The demonic needs to be depicted and channeled. Here is where human consciousness becomes so important.

The demonic is the power of ~~the~~ nature.

harsh!

In 2008 December, a month before venturing off to Seattle, Washington, I had written,
 "If the seeds of fascism take root with an inner desire to be led, to be told what to do, to be managed, coached, bossed, trained, inspected, evaluated, then today's mental health-care industry is a state-sponsored campaign to weed out freethinkers, free spirits, and the wilderness within us."

It is this wilderness within us where our demons dwell.

A poem found in $H_{96} = K_2$:

No, no, father, I'm not your fodder
 You want to pay me in advance
 Well, this week, don't bother
 I'm tearing off this collar
 I hate to say it, but
 You can keep the lousy dollar

Prepared to move very far away
 Maybe one day I'll give you a holler

harsh!

18

X 0

I am continually amazed at how the activity of writing helps me to process painful or "ugly" emotions such as jealousy, envy, insecurity, vanity, and a feeling of being laughed at.

This evening, for example, I might easily have slipped into a painful fit of anxiety since there is a huge gathering next door again. This is the third consecutive night. By writing I am able to resist the tendency to resent being ostracized (or not even offered a beer). I understand that, since this is a "family affair," and, since my behavior has been unpredictable and bizarre in the past, that it is best for me to be excluded.

After all, I am just a neighbor. Besides, perhaps the guests have been forewarned not to "feed the animals at the zoo." Don't give the gringo loco no cervezas as he may not want to leave.

EMBRACING DEMONIC POSSESSION AS BEYOND GOOD & EVIL

Another quote from Love & Will :

"In our bourgeois, industrialized society, man's most effective way of evading the daimonic is by losing himself in the herd."

"This conformism and anonymity relieve us of the burden of the responsibility for our own daimonic urges while ensuring their satisfaction. But they also ensure that the daimonic will remain impersonal. It makes the demonic forces unavailable for individual integration."

There is a passage which I just read now that speaks directly to me. If I did not have so much psychological insight into my fears and insecurities, I just might become demonically possessed by rage, resentment, envy, jealousy, or/and malice. May write of the anonymous lonely individual in New York City.

"This anonymous man's never being known, this aloneness, is transformed into loneliness, which may then become demonic possession. For his self-doubts eat away at his innards; he lives and breathes and walks in a loneliness which is subtle and insidious. It is not surprising that he gets a gun and traps it on some passerby — also anonymous to him."

"Loneliness and its stepchild, alienation, can become forms of demon possession."

As for knowledge and the demonic, How much self-knowledge can a human being bear?

André Maurois tells us, "The need to express one's self in writing springs from a maladjustment to life or from an inner conflict, which the . . . man cannot resolve in action."

* Note also that upon realizing I am not being judged harshly by the

* Note also that upon realizing I am not being judged harshly by the parents I can families at the party, I do not judge them harshly. The way HARRY did. They seem to respect that I did not intrude.

Rolly May expounds, "No writer writes out of having found the answer to the problem; he writes rather out of his having the problem and wanting a solution. The solution consists not of a resolution. It consists of the deeper and wider dimensions of consciousness to which the writer is carried by virtue of his wrestling with the problem."

"We create out of a problem."

"The writer and the artist are not presenting answers but creating as an experience of something in themselves trying to work — to seek, to find, and not to yield. The contribution which is given to the world by painting or the book is the process of the search."

Even as I did not drink even 1 beer all day, I was able to maintain my dignity by not "begging" for beer ^{AT} next door's party. I was so engrossed in the text Love & Will. I am already into Part II: WILL.

2011.09.13

93

There are some pestilent characters who would like to beat me to a pulp and throw my body in a ditch, much like in Mark Twain's story about the Taylor who was so mocked and abused by the people of his town. Even his wife was ashamed of him. She set all his notebooks (which filled a large chest) on fire after he was basically murdered by the "mob of ruffians."

He, the Taylor, was the greatest writer, and when he went to the Spirit World, they rolled out the red-carpet for him. There he was acknowledged for who he was.

Now, just because many people show me love does not mean I am loved by all. There are those who hate I me simply for being me.

I am Christ-like. This enrages some people. I felt hated out West this way. Now I am wondering where I will move next. Perhaps my hometown is not such a good place for me.

There are enemies I don't even know
about who hate me, and they don't even
know me personally. Is it like in
Wharton Tract (Yardville prison) where
my "intelligence" causes those
fortunate to hate me?

I really am so much like Dostoevsky's
character, Prince Myshkin (The Idiot)
I understand the roots of human
aggression, and therefore I don't hold
grudges.

Was the punch in my mouth some
kind of warning? It is body
language for sure. It is uncanny
how John Trudell talked about
this phenomenon in his 1982
speech: "What the enemy does is
he sends somebody out in the street
to punch you in the head. If
you can come from a position of
strength, you say, Hey! You
got to stop hitting me in the
head. We want to talk!"
That is exactly what I said to my attacker.

This assault was unprovoked and came out of nowhere; and yet it is not such a mystery to me, really. The way I carry myself ... my intellectual pride ... the way I am able to exist as a Nation of One must make those who fear "the mob" really want to "put me in my place," pick me while I am down.

I experienced hatred against me in Matawan as well. I guess I have many enemies. I even sense that B may be "turning against me" a little, I perhaps, under the influence of some of the knuckle heads right at the end of this "Marcy Street." B warned me not to go walking down near the tracks at the dead end of Marcy Street as there are those who really want to hurt me.

They resent me for being as bold as love. I am mocked and ridiculed. Why do I care about people when so many hate? Eventually my heart may become bitter.

CP

X

Once I finish going through the notes from my train ride to out West, I think I will skip all the 'notes' I wrote while out there. They are actually too painful for me to go over at this time.

I want to jump to the notebook I was writing in when I returned to New Jersey. This may give me a better perspective on just how much I've been "persecuted" since returning to New Jersey.

Maybe tomorrow, as I don't plan on drinking alcohol, I might be able to get I back into Rollo May's Love & Power. I am up to the chapter on "Intentionality." While I am sure to be awake I all night, that punch in the face I received has put me in a deeply reflective mood.

There are damaged people abusing others because they themselves are abused. This is why it is best just to avoid people altogether.

The enemy is everywhere.

0

97

Reading through, My Truth: Book 5 from March 2010 when I first returned from Seattle, Washington, I come across the very subject of 'Dostoevsky's The Idiot'.

This is what was on my mind after I was punched in the mouth for no particular reason at all.

Prince Myshkin is considered an idiot only because he does not hold grudges. Made ridiculous, insulted, jeered at, even threatened with death by 'Ragozhin', "the prince" forgives.

As if he had any inkling of the suffering that underlies aggressions, he ignores them, withdraws, and even gives solace to those who have abused him.

What kind of life is here for me in Freehold when I have enemies lurking?

The enemy is everywhere.



14 September 2011
Wednesday

As I slept, I kept seeing the face of the ~~the~~ knuckle dragger, who fured me down the tracks, to be punched in the face by his drinking companion. There were 3 of them, and now I feel I have to be on guard, like I just can't trust everyone the way I have been.

I want to hide the poem *Alchamy & Penology*. Has my heart changed since being assaulted? How could this do anything but deepen my disgust with the Prison ambience of our world? I walk among the people, unarmored and unarmed.

This assault has not made me more hateful, just more deeply reflective. Alcohol - even just the desire to become drunk when I have no money - puts me in harms way. There are those who would slit my throat for KICKS.

My theory is that I was targeted because of my blue eyes and small physique. Is it possible to be assaulted for being a paleface and be able to resist reacting with hatred, racism, and desire for revenge?

This little event tests my patience, tests my spirit. John Trudell has spoken about this. The enemy sends someone out on the street to hit you in the head. If you can come from a position of strength and say "You gotta stop hitting me in the head. We want to talk."

I am not invisible. Institutional racism ends up hurting the very people who look like those who want to be in control. My uncle Tom Weber is sheltered from this violence, but I am like some lost soul wandering my hometown without a people. It is tempting to believe Lonnie Gray Jr when he says he is hated for being "white-skinned."

99

X

"HEGESIAS, despairing of ever attaining happiness, became the philosopher of pessimism; and his lectures in Alexandria had to be prohibited by Ptolemy because they resulted in so many suicides."

(Rolls May 1969 Love & Will)

X

One final note from Love & Will:

Feeling is the basis of human existence.
We need to establish feeling as a legitimate aspect of our way of relating to reality.

Descartes was wrong in his principle,
"Cogito, ergo sum." (I think, therefore I am)
Feelings are everything.

X

Now I will investigate some critical essays
ON Dostoevsky. As a lonely philosopher
I am a kindred spirit, Jeremiah of the jail
house, Shakespeare of the mental hospital.



22 September 2011 Thurs

Now that I am here waiting for my mother to do her "rehabilitation," I have an opportunity to research "SABOTAGE."

I sure wish people like Blaze, Neal, and (Nat) would post at my site; but I suspect a tiny resentment against me for managing to carry the site virtually alone.

Some notes from Blaze:

Think about the word "sabotage." Notice how it doesn't have the connotations of "terrorism"?

sabotage (sb-täzh)

① Destruction of property or obstruction of normal operations, as by civilians or enemy agents in time of war.

② Treacherous action to defeat or hinder a cause or an endeavor; deliberate subversion.

We need to become saboteurs in some way — to stifle the effectiveness of the mass control system without being held

11 Thurs

mother

and
but2,
alone.

responsible and punished. We need not be martyrs, nor need our efforts be violent, but simple non-compliance will never be enough. That is handing the other side victory. They want dissenters to settle on simple "non-compliance". How this resistance should take form, I still haven't figured out... Maybe I never will.

Maybe there are hints in Toole's *A Confederacy of Dunces* : 535-537; 202-203; 340, 254, 260 ? ? ? ?

p 535 Large Print Edition

XII

Jones spread the newspaper...

"Whoa!" he said to Mr Watson. "You sure genuine a good idea with all this sabotage crap. Now I sabotage myself right back to bein' a vagran. Hey!"

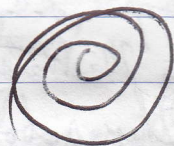
"It look like this sabotage go off like a nuclear bum."

"That fat freak guarantee one hunner persen nuclear bum. Shit! Drop him on somebody, everybody

gettin caught in the fallout, gettin their ass blowed
up. Ooo-wee...

There's a big clue on page two oh two.

Sabotage: a cook adding too much pepper
in the soup, a kid in the supermarket
dropping too many eggs, a parking lot
attendant slipping on oil crashing into a
fence... I will get I back into
this tomorrow. Presently I am
too high in the sky from Dad stopping
by - I gave him keys to the
place on Marcy Street in case of
emergency.



23 September 2011
Friday

There was nothing in the newspapers
about "occupied Wall Street".

This phenomenon - that we can be
completely ignored by all the media
gorts & I and the gort celebrities
is CREEPY.

2011.09.26



121

Not only does Terra Incognita Book 2 (November 2010) cover my code which generates 6,666 primes using these to find prime factors of very large numbers with comments included, it also has a few clues giving insight into how I perceive myself as a philosopher-as-artist.

"Certain authors become literary or intellectual classics because they are not read, being in some intrinsic way unreadable. Sade, Artaud, and Wilhelm Reich belong in this company: authors who were jailed or locked up in insane asylums because they were screaming, because they were out of control; immoderate, obsessed, strident authors who repeat themselves endlessly, who are rewarding to quote and read bits of, but who overpower and exhaust if read in large quantities."

I am certainly such a dis-established author. Writing is the medium in which a singular personality heroically exposes itself. PHILOSOPHER-AS-SPEECH.

2011.09.28

X

127

Civilization is a history of anti-poetry.
The Diary is the only form of writing that encourages total freedom of expression. Because of its very private nature, it has remained immune to any formal rules of content, structure, or style.

As a result, the diary (The Diary) can come closest to reproducing how we really think and how consciousness itself evolves.



EMOTIONAL SENSITIVITY.

" To seek out suffering in order to avoid redemption, to follow in reverse the path of 'deliverance', such is our contribution in the matter of religion: billions illuminati, Buddhas and Christs hostile to salvation, preaching to the wretched the charm of their distress. "

" If we seek a remedy, we must begin by debaptizing the universe, by removing the label which, assigned to each appearance, isolates it and lends it a simulacrum of meaning. Meanwhile down to our nerve cells, everything in us resists paradise. To suffer: sole modality of acquiring the sensation of existence; to exist: unique means of safeguarding our destruction. "

" Let us rejoin plants, animals, things, return to that primordial stupidity of which, through the fault of history, we have lost even the memory. " (Cioran)

The Devil is the REBEL WHO DOUBTS!

2011.10.12

175

I have developed the capacity to be alone, to stand alone, to live alone. Thus, I have mental independence, caring little for "public opinion".

My way of carrying myself must show people that I am not afraid of being "looked down upon".

Somehow I have liberated myself from many of the tyrannical forces that I would like to have me at their mercy. I am my own hero.

Perhaps women sense my fierce mental independence, and they prefer a man more manipulable.

The inner power within RENEWS me, but it is always subject to be exhausted.

I am living the novel, and we are in seriously interesting times to be sure. I do not take my intelligence for granted. Like Christopher Marlowe, I am fairly impressed with my wonderful self.

Aunt Rose's Meatballs

↑
M. Rose's Aunt Rose

	sauce	meat leaf
Garlic Powder	1 teaspoon	1/2 teaspoon
Basil leaf	1 teaspoon	1/2 1/2 teaspoon
Italian seasoning	1 teaspoon	1/2 teaspoon
Bay leaves	1	0
Oregano leaf	1 teaspoon	1/2 teaspoon

garlic 4 bulbs optional

ground beef 2 lbs
1 egg

bread crumbs 1/2 cup

large can whole or chopped tomatoes
large ~~small~~ can tomato sauce
small ~~large~~ can of tomato paste

TRADER'S CHOICE
spices

* add cans to pot with equal amounts of water
heat: medium; add spices

** 1 egg to ground beef; add spices
add bread crumbs slowly.

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J. L. L.
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